

FORT FRAYNE.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER IV.

The winter came on early at old Fort Frayne. Even as early as mid-October the ice was forming in the shallow pools along the Platte, and that eccentric stream itself had dwindled away in volume until it seemed but the ghost of its former self. Ragged and unfordable in June, swelled by the pelting snows of the Colorado peaks and the torrents from the Medicine Bow, it spent its strength in the arid heat of a long, dry summer and when autumn came was mild as a mill stream as far as the eye could reach and fordable in a dozen places within rifle-shot of the post. Many a time did old Fenton wish it wasn't. Frayne's reservation was big and generous, but, unluckily, it never extended across the river. Squatters, trappers and trappers could not intrude upon its guarded limits along the southern shore, and the nearest grogery—that inevitable accompaniment of the westward march of civilization—was a long two miles away down the right bank, but only a pistol shot across the stream.

In his day Farrar had waged war against the rustlers on the north and west, because then there were only soldiers and settlers and no savages—outside the garrison—with 90 miles of the post. But with the tide of civilization came more settlers, and a little town, and lawyers in abundance, and with them coming the question of law became no longer that of abstract right or wrong, but how a jury would decide it, and a frontier jury always decides in favor of the squatter against the soldier. Fenton strove to take pattern after Farrar and very nearly succeeded in landing himself in jail, as he outraged vendor went down to his saloon, hired lawyers there, saw out warrants of assault and appeal to his countrymen. The fact that less than four of the Twelfth with six months had died of the booms, victims of the ready knives or revolvers of the squatters across the stream, had no bearing on his eyes of the law. Fenton had wanted the develop a dozen times to no purpose, but when finally Sergeant Haniford was set upon and murdered there on the first April evening within easy range, and almost without bearing of his comrades at Frayne, Fenton broke loose and said impudent things, which reached the ears of his men, who went and did things equally impudent to the demolition of the "shack" and the destruction of its stock of spirits and gambling paraphernalia, and it was proved to the satisfaction of the jury that Fenton had not interposed to stop the row until it had turned itself and the "shack" inside out. The people rallied to the support of the saloon-keeper—he, at least, was a man and a brother, a brother, when he couldn't lie out of it, a player. The officers at Frayne, on the other hand, in the opinion of the citizenry of that section of Wyoming, were of the four, and Bunko Jim's new road across the Platte was a big improvement in point of size, though not in stock or sanctity, over its predecessor Jim ran a ferryboat for the passengers from the fort. It was on to land on the reservation, but did so, nevertheless, when the sentry in the buff couldn't see, and sometimes, he was owned, when he could.

The sun was used when the water was high, the ferds when it was low, and the level when it was frozen, and it was a curious thing in winter to see how quickly the new fallen snow would be covered with paths leading by the side and by the barracks to the icebergs across the icebound sea straight to Bunko Jim's. Bowing, the simple soldier of the republic, to the supremacy of the civil law, Fenton swallowed the lesson, though he didn't own it, but Jim had his full share of dust, but Jim had his full share of the soldiers from the fort, and the big general speedily knew throughout command as Tough Tom Gracie. Joining the regiment at the end of September, it was less than a month before he was as well though not as fat—known as the sergeant major. Consider more than one way of being Gracie does in the military service, and recruits chosen the worst. Even the depot, the last place with him from the that on it could be shipped from powder, could tell stories of "food for the soldiers," though they were full of scoundrels, and the barracks game was broken up, only to be resumed at night in the resort across the Platte, and there whisky was plenty, and so were the players, and there Gracie began to lose into temperance, and by the time the long, long nights of December came his reputation as a "tough" was established throughout the garrison. All but three or four of the most dissolute members of the command had cut loose from him entirely, a matter he regretted only because pay day was at hand—the soldiers would then have money in plenty for a few short, feverish hours. The squatters and settlers had none until the soldiers were "strapped" and so Gracie and three or four henchmen like unto him were left to the concentration of virility to be found in one another's society.

CHAPTER V.

For several days Trooper Gracie had been in the guardhouse. Absent from check roll call, from his quarters ever night and from reveille, he had turned up at sick call with a battered visage and all the fair marks of a drunken bout. He had been a bashed up before a summary court, Major Wayne's first date after reporting at the post, and received sentence of five with a scowling face and no word of plea for clemency or promise of betterment. What cared he for fine? He could wait more in a night than they could sleep in a month. He was out again doing penance with the police court about the post the day the available transportation came driving back from the railway with a load of precious freight and Trooper Gracie, splitting wood in the major's back yard, dropped the ax with a savage oath and turned sickly yellow for one minute when he heard the long tollings of the domestic near now proclaiming the arrival of Lieutenant Farrar's mother and sister. The sentry on duty over prisoners led him into his sweater and got to work again for Captain Leale was passing rapidly up the walk. Gracie and Leale were a man who was very fond of his mother and who had a great love for a son, but he was scarcely glared at by the soldier with his brace of hunting dogs and hurried on.

It was Leale who opened the door of the stanch Concord and assisted the fables to alight—Mr. Farrar, Ellis (for the Farrars had returned to the fort) and a stranger, a gentlewoman evidently, yet one who seemed to shrink from accepting aid or attention and whose beautiful blue eyes ever followed Mrs. Farrar. "My friend, Mrs. Daunton; my older friend, Captain Leale, of whom you have heard so much," were the words in which these two were made known to each other, while Will and the servant were untangling coat bags and rags and wraps, even as another and similar vehicle was being unloaded in front of the colonel's.

Lealedined en famille at the Farrars' that evening, Will proudly presiding as became the head of the household, the foot of the table, and leaning upon his mother, who sat facing him, rejoicing in his happiness. Very light and cozy were the prettily furnished quarters, for with boundless enthusiasm the ladies of the garrison had fitted the young gentleman in making him attractive against the coming of the wife to their honored old colonel and his fair daughter, and right after dinner the visitors began to arrive, welcoming every fashion, the old friends long endeared to all the other members of the garrison, men and women both, and while Mrs. Farrar and Ellis had hosts of questions to ask and answer, Captain Leale found himself interested in entertaining the stranger, to whom all this blithe and cheery intercourse, all the cordial, inspiriting, homelike army ways, were so odd and new. It was tattoo when he rose to leave and met poor Will without Will, who had twice gone up to Fenton's hoping to steal a word or two with Kitty, only to find that such portion of post society as was not gathered about his mother and sister was congregated at the colonel's—and then, fatigued by the journey and showing plainly the effect of the excitement of her arrival, Mrs. Farrar was induced to seek her room, while Ellis remained in the parlor to chat with others still coming in to bid them welcome home, and not until long after 10 were the lights turned down in the house, and not until even later did they gleam no longer from the big house on the edge of the hill.

Whatever trepidation her friend had felt as to the effect of this return upon Mrs. Farrar, it was soon evident that it was groundless. Even the day on which she returned Lucretia's call and was received in the familiar rooms, once her old, she controlled admirably every sign of deep emotion. She seemed happy in her with Will, her idolized boy, and was never tired of watching him as he strode or rode away upon his various duties.

"What do you think of that fellow, Crow?" asked Corporal Rorke one day as he watched the expression in the Indian's face. "He doesn't like me." "He doesn't like me," said the newcomer, looking up like an oyster in the presence of the Irish corporal, a great contrast to the vivacity displayed when soliciting courage to take a hand at cards. The recruit had hardly any money left. Gracie had won what little there was on the way to Frayne, and now he had worn his way into the gambling set that is apt to be found in every fort—all comers who have money being welcome—and for a few weeks fortune seemed to smile upon the neophyte. He knew he protested, very little of any game, but played for fellowship and fun. Then he kept sober when others drank, and so won, and then came accusations of foul play and a row, and the barracks game was broken up, only to be resumed at night in the resort across the Platte, and there whisky was plenty, and so were the players, and there Gracie began to lose into temperance, and by the time the long, long nights of December came his reputation as a "tough" was established throughout the garrison. All but three or four of the most dissolute members of the command had cut loose from him entirely, a matter he regretted only because pay day was at hand—the soldiers would then have money in plenty for a few short, feverish hours. The squatters and settlers had none until the soldiers were "strapped" and so Gracie and three or four henchmen like unto him were left to the concentration of virility to be found in one another's society.

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Will, fidgeting uneasily at his bedding mustache, "at least I try to, but all the same, you know, it isn't the thing. Of course Rorke never presumed exactly, I understand that, and he only comes because you bid him, and then it is only to the back door and all that, but still it's the effect of the thing on the other men, and it's time he was learning to understand that. I'm decidedly no longer Master Will."

All, there was the rub! Two days before in the presence of Will's fair little ladylove had one of Rorke's lapses occurred, and the Lieutenant had been Master Will and had regaled to the roots of his hair, seeing which Kitty Ormsby, as determined as ever lived, had taken to calling him "Master Will" on her own account, and that she was the woman enough to know that and him. Her heart was fluttering and her face was pale as the steps of her mother's room and stooped to kiss her forehead, and Mrs. Farrar looked over wistfully, as though half ready to pid for the honest fellow she had given to trust and honor. From Mrs. Daunton Ellis had wavy the admission that some years ago she had met and known Mr. Ormsby. From Jack Ormsby she learned that he had never known a Mrs. Daunton in his life, and her art was filled with misgivings as she went swiftly down the stairs, turned sharply at the bottom and in an instant stood at the library door.

As she expected, there, peeping through the heavy muscled of the partition invisible to any one in the parlor, able to study its occupants at will, there, clutching the silken folds in his beautiful white hands, with her heart thumped and quivering with emotion, with great tears trickling down her chest; there, deaf to her coming, stood Helen Daunton, gazing spellbound at whom who dared to approach her Ellis—in the guise of a lover.

At Jack Ormsby had vowed that

he would not be offended even before Kitty came. But Kit could

and did torment him without mercy

and without fear of consequences, and before she had been at Frayne a week

she was making life a burden for the fellow

who had prayed for her coming as a sweet blessing.

And so, like the big outside world the little community of Fort Frayne was living its life of hopes and fears, smiles and tears, love and jealousy at hate, while Kitty had sped herself into a hole completely at home and was tyrannizing over everybody at the camp as well as over Will, and torturing Aunt Lucretia by making eyes at Major Wayne, who never saw that while Wayne had got to drifting off to his new colonel's mess every evening, just as 20 years before he infest the quarters of his old friend at Leavenworth, rousing once more all the lingering of that undying heart, while Mrs. Farrar, rejoicing in the evidences of love and reverence in high

of his husband's name who held only

side and in the hours Will was al-

ways in his chosen profession, even

while she found comfort in the fact that

her old, she controlled admirably every

sign of deep emotion. She seemed happy

in her with Will, her idolized boy,

and was never tired of watching him as he strode or rode away upon his various duties.

Never intruding, rarely calling, he

was gentleness, tenderness, perched

in every look and word. It was evident

that all these years had never failed to

banish her image from his heart.

Mourner though she may be, a woman

live and not rejoice in knapsack

the object of so much long effort

Willowed though even a few

brief months does she resent that the

man lives who would gladly teach

her to forget? Life was not without

reincarnation, then, even to the wild lost

her best beloved not three years ago by

and for whose firstborn shall shed

bitter tears.

And to another sorrowheart, to

another gentle and stricken, this

winter sojourn on the far

after bad Malcolm. Leale's visitor

at the Farrars'. This afternoon had

he found himself seated in conversation

with the woman whose beat of face

had thrilled him on his day her coming

and whose sweet, subdued but gracious

manner had charmed more and more.

First to notice marked

preference for Helen Daunton's

wayward boy as he was before

and since his first appearance at the

camp, he had learned to respect him

fully as "the Lieutenant" and to bridle

and salute him with all the gravity

and precision lavished on Fenton or

Leale. Even the Irish trooper, with

whom he had ridden races and played

hooky and gotten into all manner of

mischievous about the post in bygone days

McQuirk—at first could not suppress

the affable grin that overpread his

face at the sight of his whorish

playmate as a full-blown officer, bearing

the president's commission. But

Mac was savagely resisted by Sergeant

Stein and other elders, and did his best

to avert the blow that was to come.

But it was Terry Rorke that was

inconquerable. Time and again he broke

the rules laid down for himself, and

as Terry had been in the household

of the Farrars' he had

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Poetry.

Wanted.—A Little Girl.

BY MELIA WHITFIELD WILCOX.
They go to the little girls,
The simple and natural girls,
Who love their dolls and like the toys,
And think of something besides the boy?
Little girls in plenty I find,
Nature in manners and old of mind;
Little girls who talk of their "beauties,"
And visit each other in gay clothes.
Little old belles, who, nice and true,
Are sick of pleasure and tired of fun,
Wearily travel, of hair, of sun,
And to bed on a swing under the sun.
Once, in the beautiful long ago,
How few little children there were;
Girls who were still at play;
Girls who had collected the yellow leaves,
They thought not of all of life's style of
clothes;
They never imagined that boys were "beauties";
"Other girls' brothers" were
Friends to tell them play.
Where have they gone? If you see
One of them, tell me of their gold.
To one of these dear girls say,
With an incantation and an incantation
Who knoweth the meaning of "gold" or
"style."

Selected Poem.

GRIS LAPIN,

I was wandering, gun in hand, in the forest, when I saw a stone cross. I had been so long away from the country that this cross was new to me. The group of the little hamlet, on the skirt of the woods, was Taupot, who had once kept the village cafe, and was the barber of the country, but he was too old now to exercise either calling. I knew Taupot could tell me about that cross. Meeting him next day, he gave me with much detail the story of Gris Lapin.

They called the man Gris Lapin because of his beard, which was thick and gray, and he had prominent teeth; and did Monsieur notice the prominent teeth of M. de Bleuville, the master of the hounds? He was not of this country, but from Brittany, so he was once valet de chambre to the Comte de Bleuville—with his hounds &c., his distilleries, The Count had to his son, and he went gallantly, nobody knew where. As for Gris Lapin, he would not take another place; he loved his freedom and to live after his own pleasure, and he set up as a wood-cutter, a business at which he was very expert—so expert, perhaps, for the forest keepers, who suspected him of selling more wood than he paid for, but for a long time they could prove nothing against him.

He would often come to my little cafe, and we became great friends. He told me he had a wife in Brittany and a son there named Eustace, and that in the neighborhood lived Mlle. Agnes, the Count de Bleuville's daughter, who was being cared for by her aunt. Some time Gris Lapin would call the forest and go to Brittany.

It was Gris Lapin who brought me news of all this, and soon we heard how the chateau was to be newly furnished and finished up, and the Count's son was sent off, and presently we old folks, peddled, and of nothing but M. de Bleuville and his wife. And the new house, Mme. de Gosselin. And the new housekeeper at the chateau was no other than the wife of Gris Lapin; and their son, the little Eustace, was running about the place, a fine playfellow for Mlle. Agnes, who had now come back to her father's house. The Count had married a rich wife, but it turned out that she had no love for her step-daughter. All the lady thought was to get rid of Mlle. Agnes, by marrying her off to some rich man. Eustace, that Gris Lapin's boy, was going to school, and was to be brought up to be a priest. He studied Latin and all that kind of thing. Gris Lapin did not like the idea of his boy becoming a priest. "Make him a soldier," said he. But Gris Lapin's wife and her mistress insisted that Eustace showed a disposition to be a curé, and it was arranged, so that he was shipped to the seminary. The fact is that Gris Lapin absorbed a great deal of brandy, and was not exactly a reputable sort of a father.

No, as ill luck would have it, when Gris Lapin came home for his vacation, Mme. Agnes had gone to her own estate in Brittany, and the Count had taken the opportunity to bring home his daughter from the convent to give her pleasure, and our young Monks must needs become enamored of this Miss Agnes; yes, even Eustace had taken no note, so when it was found out that the boy and the girl cared for one another, there was a precious row, and Mademoiselle was packed off to a convent, and the lad to the seminary.

During the war with the Prussians took place, and M. le Comte went into service, and after a while the Germans were here in force, and a Prussian general had his headquarters at the chateau.

What was Gris Lapin doing? Cutting wood for the Prussians and earning a good bit of money. The fact is, my own little place of entertainment was doing a great deal of business. Sometimes I said to Gris Lapin: "Take care, the Count may hold you responsible some day for all the wood you are cutting. Watch out, the Count may have some body looking to his interests."

Well, one day a man came into my place, there were ever so many Prussian soldiers there—and he was dressed like a peasant, with his billhook hanging at his girdle, in honest Goodman's, as it would seem. Some of the soldiers launched and made faces at him, and called him Herr Crapaud. But he did not seem to mind. A quiet, mild-mannered man, his resemblance to Gris Lapin struck me at once, only he was younger in the face, though his hat looked gray. Then suddenly he said: "Monsieur Taupot, will you cut my hair?" "Come into my back room," said I. You see, these Prussians dressed spic and span very suspiciously. No sooner was he seated in my barber's chair than I noticed that his hair was powdered, so as to give him an older look. Says hast once, "I am Eustace. Find me some way of getting into the chateau, I cannot ask my father to help me. He does not know I am here. I saw him as I was here. My father was drunk and was threatening with his enemies."

Then I was sure the Germans were watching us. Now, a sudden inspiration seized me, and I said one day, "Let them buy chickens at the chateau, and if you had any prisoners you could let them. Any kind of poultry is indeed." Then I noticed that Eustace started. "Papa Taupot," said he, "in my voice, that guess about pigeons was a dangerously good omen. Look!" and, opening the bosom of his dress, he showed me a white collar pigeon there, one of the true Artillerie breed. "But tell me about" he chattered and Mademoiselle Agnes' he said.

I gave him the last news. "They are all well," I said. Then I told him that he was no longer a prisoner, but had been taken up arms in the service of France. That he had been promoted to captain, and that he was to be sent to the front. "But tell me about" he said again.

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Furniture.
OLD OAK

Chamber Set,
Wire Springs
AND
SOFT TOP MATTRESS,
for \$25.00,

AT
BRYER'S.
PACKING.

WE PACK
FURNITURE, GROCERY,
BRIC-A-BRAC, PICTURE, and
STATUARY.

Only experienced hands employed
All orders promptly attended to

We carry a fine line of
Modern and Antique Furniture,
Carpets, Mattings and less

J. W. HORTON & CO.
42 CHURCH STREET.
J. W. HORTON, V. A. WARD

JOHN S. LANGLEY
DEALER IN

FURNITURE
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS, ALSO
BURNISHING UNDERTAKER.

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &c.,
FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

10 Franklin St., Newport, R.I.

Residence, No. 1 School St.

J. F. MARTIN,
BOTTLER,

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER

and agent for

LEAVY & BRITTON'S CANADA MALT ALES AND

THE CELEBRATED WHATCHEE (LAGER)

558 Thames, cor. L Avenue, 3
Families supplied. Telephone 11-4714

BOOTS.

Gaiter Boots,
Kip Boots,
Grain Boots,

Felt Boots,
Wool Boots,
Rubber Boots.

At your usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLMES,
1886 Thames Street,
NEWPORT, R. I.

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1883, my place of business will be NO. 13 Market Square. Any one who has umbrellas or parcels will please affix them here.

I shall have larger premises and will buy and sell second-hand furniture and antiquities.

ODOCO BARONE, Ferry Wharf.

COME EARLY

Handy we can show you the finest selection of

Baby Carriages

to be found in Newport.

ALL THE NEWEST STYLES AT
Lowest Prices.

W. K. COVELL,

163 Thames Street.

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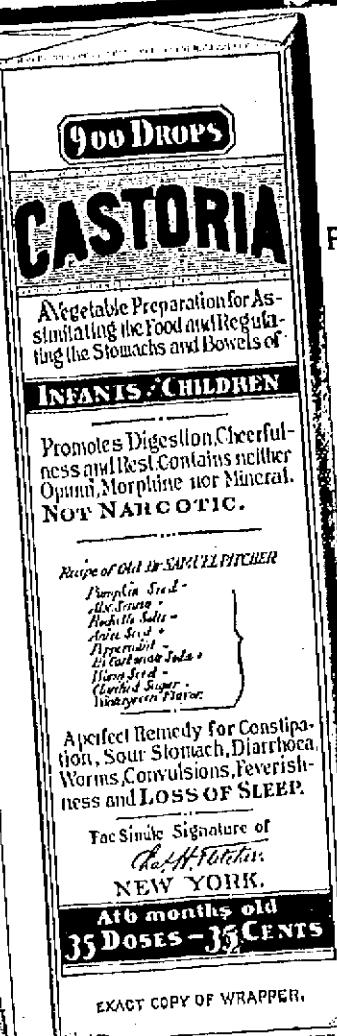
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SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE

OF
Dr. H. Fletcher
IS ON THE
WRAPPER
OF EVERY
BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Aperient Remedy for Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness
and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac-Simile Signature of

Dr. H. Fletcher

NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DOSES - 15 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Dr. H. Fletcher's
signature is on
every wrapper.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It
is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell
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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Govt Report

to looks by the addition of a new coat of paint.

LITTLE COMPTON.

In Town Council at the regular meeting the following bills were presented and orders for payment given: Samuel L. Gray, damages by dogs, \$18.50; Thomas Grinnell, work on highway, \$1; Edwin L. Steury, clearing out drifts near the shore, fast disappearing from the effects of Wednesdays gale.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Williams of Claville, New York, are the guests of Dr. Humphrey and family this week.

The owners of ice ponds have been cutting ice this week from 7 to 8 inches thick.

Mr. John A. Wilcox is erecting a one and a half story house on the site of the old homestead formerly occupied by late Holder N. Wilcox.

Charles A. Fuller has had a new barn built on the premises formerly owned by the late Oliver Wilcox.

The Town farm is greatly improved

Schreier's

Queen Anne Millinery Establishment

143 THAMES STREET,

The Leading House.
Refinement in Every Department.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!

There is no reason why you should not buy an old hat when you can get a new one for a small sum. Every hat in our Trimmed Hat Department reduced. Just take a look at them and bear in mind that a stylish and comfortable hat, bought from a reliable house, is always appreciated.

Walking Hats in all colors at reduced prices. Untrimmed Hats in the leading shapes, at lower prices than ever. Ribbons, Chenille and Fancy Fonthair.

Largest assortment of Ostrich and Cigae Plumes. Misses and Children's Tam-O'-Shanter.

Latest colors in Silk and Velvet Roses. Jet and Rhinestone Ornaments of every description.

Remember! Prices the lowest. Our goods guaranteed!

CHRISTMAS!

LARGEST AND MOST VARIED ASSORTMENT OF HOLIDAY GOODS	
Toys	Dolls
Games	Cradles
Velocipedes	Bedsteads
Tricycles	Sideboards
Door Swings	China Dishes
Doll Carriages	Sets Furniture
Rocking Horses	Girls' Sleighs
Wheelbarrow	Tree Ornaments
Goat Sulkie	Bisque Figures
Drums and Trumpets	Cups and Saucers
Puzzles and Blocks	Girls' Desks
	Banks and Safes.

A. C. LANDERS.

The Leader in Holiday Goods.

Throwing Money Away

Is the same thing as spending it unwisely. If you only knew it, any clothing store in town could deceive you as to the value of the suit or overcoat that you might buy.

In dealing with us your protection lies in the fact that we couldn't afford to deceive you if we wanted to. Our good name is a guarantee against such a thing. Do you suppose we have devoted fifteen years to building up a trade and reputation just to jeopardize it by unworthy dealings now? Not much!

And, therefore, we are willing to stake our reputation upon the quality of our goods. We can't make a mistake, because you may have your money back merely by asking for it.

Newport One Price Clothing Co.,

Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,

W. Flora—Flora Huntington,
W. Curtis—Sarah Field,
W. Lady—Mrs. Samuel Willis,
Fifty-two members were present. The installation of officers will occur Wednesday, January 7th, 1897.

The members of Weymouth Shassitt Club enjoyed their annual supper at their cozy quarters Thursday evening. The banquet was an excellent one and the post-prandial exercises included piano and violin and vocal music, speeches, etc., and proved a most delightful maneuver in which to spend the departing hours of 1896.

Philip Dwyer from Warren Island Jr., Bellmore Avenue, to 100 Long wharf, Patrick Sheet from Herbert Cole, 21 Bath road, to 15 West Broadway.

The Board of License Commissioners will be seated at their office in the Mercury Building on Tuesday, January 9th, 1897, at 2 o'clock P. M., when opportunity will be given for remunerations to be heard before acting upon applications.

Established by order of the License Commissioners, E. W. HIGGEE, Clerk.

1234

National Bank of Rhode Island

OF NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 26, 1896.

A SEMI-ANNUAL DIVIDEND of four per cent, will be paid to the stockholders of the bank on and after January 2, 1897.

E. P. ECKERHART, Cashier.

New Advertisements.

Notice

OFFICE OF THE NEWPORT GAS LIGHT CO., December 26, 1896.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this company will be held at its office on MONDAY, January 11th, 1897, at 10 o'clock.

A. K. QUINN, Treasurer.

12

UMBRELLAS

—AND—
Sunshades
RE-COVERED

and Repaired.

New Handles, Ribs, Stretchers, &c.,

put in. We also repair

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Fans, Canes,

Whips, Pipes, Music Boxes, &c.

D. L. CUMMINGS,

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER,

122 THAMES STREET.

Flagg's Bargain Store

12 FRANKLIN STREET,

OPP. P. O.

DRUMS, 250, 500, \$1.00.

Guitar, Bass, 250; Uncle Sam's Navy Gun, basket of 4 for \$1.00; Fire Extinguishers, Stables, 50c; Iron Horseshoes, Wagon, 25c; Carpet Sweepers, 50c; Tod, Boxes, 25c; Zithers, 50c and 85c; Large Vases, 25c, 50c; Syrup Pitchers, 25c; Colored Toilet set, 25c, 50c; Fan Comb and Brush Case, 15c; Brownie Marble Games, 25c; Hot Crossed Buns, 25c; Work Boxes, 10c, 15c, 25c; Piano Fly Playing Horses, 50c; Wheeburnows, 25c; Auto Wagon, 25c; Doll Carriages, 25c; Rocking and Wooden Bottom Chairs, 25c; Fancy Cup and Saucers, 25c; Mustache Cups and Saucers, 25c; White Metal Picture Frames, 25c; Small Pictures, 25c; Small Pictures, 25c; Small Wash Apparatus, 25c; Silver plated Butter Knives and Sugar Spoons, 25c; Children's Silver Plate Set of Knife, Fork and Spoon, 25c; Rolling Pictures, 25c; Plates, 25c, 50c; White Blocks, 25c; Dolls, Chamber Sets, 25c; Small Rocking Chairs, 25c; 50c; Children's Toy-Mobile, 25c; Combination Banks, 25c; Pillow Sham Holders, 15c; 25c, 35c, 50c, \$1; Stereoscopes, 25c; Garters and Suspenders, 15c; Music Boxes, 25c; Change Boards, 25c; Barber Glasses, 25c; Hair Brushes, 25c; Ladies' Combines, 25c; Books, 25c; Salibots for Bath Brushes, 25c; Hair Brushes, 25c; Playing Cards, 15c; Billiard, 25c; Vases, 25c and up; 50c and up; 75c; Clocks, \$1 to \$6; Indian Cimic, 25c; Hand up; Scissors, 10c to 25c; Star, 25c; Small Pictures, 25c; Umbrellas, 25c; Accordion, 25c; Violin, 50c and up; Guitars, 50c and up; Mandolins, 85c and up; Banjos, 50c and up.

The universal claim is, we have the largest assortment of Novelty Goods to be found in any store in the City and the Country.

We carry the G. O. Lines and the above mentioned at the best sell goods. Our prices cannot be beat. Many useful articles you will need, we found in our store. Our line of Crochet Goods is that of any one else for price and durability.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

We start in the year with the determination of selling the good

PIATOS

than we have ever done in any year.

We prize the public the best instants at the lowest prices and the easiest terms, and guarantee satisfaction in every particular. Come and see us.

J. H. BARNEY, JR. & CO.,

134 THAMES ST.

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